

VAISHNAVI BHARADWAJ



Echoes of Empathy:

POEMS FOR THE
HEALERS

ECHOES OF EMPATHY: POEMS FOR THE HEALERS

A poetry collection for the doctors in my life



Vaishnavi Bharadwaj

Contents

A Doctor's Life	2
Who Are Doctors?	3
Work	4
Respect	5
Duality	6
Priorities	7
The Medical Grit	8
The Doctor's Family	9
Hours	10
Doctor-Patient Relationship	11
Can You See?	12
Sacrifices	13
Hope	14
Healing Art	15
Sacred Quest	16
Our Light	17
Haiku on Medicine	18
Cinquain on Doctors	19
The Humorous One	20
Our Guide Through Night	21
Acrostic Poem on Doctors	22
Mending Together	23
Strength of Humanity	25
The Search	27
Communication	28
Vast Knowledge	29
Thank You, Doctors	30
A Day in the Life	31
The Shortage of Doctors	33
Character	34
Making a Diagnosis	35
Public Health	36
Balance	37
To Those Who Heal and Mend	38
Why?	40
The Calling	41
A World Without Doctors	42
Empowering Others	43

A Doc Feeling Stressed	44
Cure With a Laugh	45
A Medical Student	46
Redefining Healing	47
Belief in Grace	48
Doctor and Divine	49
A Patient's Trust	50
Echoes of Empathy	51
Couplet on Healthcare	52
The System	53
Mutual Healing	54
A Dentist's Care	55
Ode To Doctors	57

Dedicated to my uncle, Dr. Srivats Bharadwaj, Dr. Paramjot Kaur,
and all the doctors in my life.

A Doctor's Life

As the sun rises,
The hustle and bustle of the city begins.

When the sun is overhead,
Restaurants and parks are filled with laughter.

As the sun greets the West,
Homes are filled with rejoicing families.

When the moon takes night duty,
The cool breeze of the night is heard in the peaceful silence.

But wherever the sun may be,
The compassionate doctor continues to fight against
the enemies of life.

Who are Doctors?

Are they the ones who cure illnesses?

Or are they the ones who show you how to live?

Are they emotional support during sickness?

Or are they the ones who only know how to give?

Are they the light of hope during darkness?

Or are they empathy standing before you alive?

Are they a form of God who returns to your life happiness?

Or are they more than you can ever realize?

Work

Physicists define work as force multiplied
By distance.

Laborers define work as toiling in the sun for
As long as it shines overhead.

Homemakers see work not as a job, but
As an expression of love toward the family.

IT professionals see work as a compulsion for
Eight hours of the day.

The combination of physical strain, compassion,
Selfless love for a family not related by blood,
And effort beyond comprehension makes an
Ordinary human a doctor.

Respect

We say doctors are respected for their high income.

But why not rich children of billionaires who have
Not worked for a single day?

We say doctors are respected for their lengthy education.

Then why not failing students who have repeated
Years of schooling?

We say doctors are respected for their lavish lifestyles.

Then why not spoiled individuals wasting money
On materialism ?

However, respect they deserve, for

How can God-like beings on Earth not be venerated?

Duality

Pressured when applying for colleges
Applauded when they complete the degree

Berated by difficult seniors in residency
Looked up to when they are the attending

Shrugged off by society when giving genuine advice
Begged by patients again and again when they are in grave distress

Shunned by others if they charge money for their worth
Claimed as negligent if they deem it unnecessary to complete
Certain tests

Seen as careless if patients failed to do their part
Yet always regarded as God when they wear the white coat and
Fight for others with all their heart

Priorities

Should the science of medicine be in the forefront,
Or the patient's choice and sentiments?

Will the monetary benefit be considered first,
Or the experience of a patient in the clinical setting?

Is the skill of the medical professional predominant,
Or their faith in the divine that makes a difference?

Does the personal life of a doctor take priority,
Or is the patient a part of the doctor's family?

The Medical Grit

Can awards or monetary rewards compensate
For a doctor's lifelong sacrifice,
For years and years of learning,
For which one adds their sweat and tears?

Also required is a certain amount of grit
To maintain over difficult times a positive spirit.
Yet though endurance is always required,
Ethics of a doctor cannot be compromised.

Patience defines a doctor's character,
And so does the smile that is carried.
Understanding of the situation comes first,
But so does understanding the patient's concern.

The Doctor's Family

For patients to be given the care they deserve,
Doctors must treat them as they would their family.

Not as a client who will perform a transaction,
But as a close one who needs help

Taking on personal responsibility, though it can be
Terrifying, yet displaying confidence

They cannot let them down,
Always working with patients' best interests in mind

The need the purity to embrace even strangers,
And the passion to care for a new family member.

Hours

Hour after hour,
Listening to difficult life experiences

Hour after hour,
Touching more souls with solicitude

Hour after hour,
Back-breaking procedures

Hour after hour,
Managing many intense emotions

Hour after hour,
The satisfaction of having improved another life

Doctor-Patient Relationship

After seeing the patient make a
 Miraculous recovery,
There was a surge of warmth in the
 Doctor's body
As though someone had poured over him
 A sweet syrup of chocolate
As though he was standing near a
 Warm bonfire, waiting to make smores
Where has this warmth come from?
“Well, hasn't your doctor-patient relationship, standing
 On trust, been as beautiful as a flame?”

Can You See?

Can you see

The effort you have put in all these years?

Can you see

The arc of transformation you made to someone with a
Strong work ethic and empathy?

Can you see

All the lives that will be forever grateful to you?

Can you see

The higher quality of life so many have achieved due to you?

Can you see

The difference you have made, doctor?

Sacrifices

How can you forget holidays so easily,
When you are constantly overworked?

Physically demanding though your work is,
You still run to each patient's needs.

Emotionally draining while some cases may be,
You manage to put a smile on your face.

Perhaps there is a divine quality within you,
For can humans make so many sacrifices?

Hope

Sometimes doors close from all directions,
And darkness outweighs the light.

Life may shun you from all directions,
Leaving you without a ray of hope.

All you may need to hear from someone
Is just a sweet word or two.

Doctors, thank you for being that door.
That light.
That ray.
The kindness.

Healing Art

In white coats of hope they stride with grace,
Guardians of health in the human race.
With steady hands and hearts so kind,
They heal the wounds that life can bind.

In every pulse and every breath,
They chase away the specters of death.
Through sleepless nights and days so long,
They mend the broken, make us strong.

With wisdom vast and patience deep,
In their care, our fears they keep.
Oh, doctors, with your healing art,
You mend the body and the heart.

Sacred Quest

In halls of healing, calm and bright,
Doctors tend with skill and light.
With gentle hands and caring eyes,
They chase the pain, mend weary sighs.

Through whispered fears and hopes they guide,
In their compassion, we confide.
With every touch and every word,
They bring us comfort, gently heard.

In battles fought on beds of grief,
They're beacons of both strength and relief.
Oh, doctors, in your sacred quest,
You offer care and give your best.

Our Light

In quiet rooms where shadows fall,
Doctors answer every call.
With knowledge vast and hearts sincere,
They bring us hope and calm our fear.

Through days of doubt and nights of pain,
Their dedication breaks the chain.
With every breath and gentle nod,
They walk with us, a healing squad.

Their hands may tremble, but their aim is true,
In every test, in every cue.
For in their care, we find our light,
Guiding us from darkest night.

Haiku on Medicine

Healing touch of gold,
In each vial, hope unfolds—
Life's breath gently saved.

Cinquain on Doctors

Doctors,
Wise and kind,
Healing, guiding, caring,
Bringing hope through every touch,
Healers.

The Humorous One

In the waiting room, we sit and wait,
Our appointment's late, it's getting late.
The doctor's running, oh, so fast,
Through endless charts and questions cast.

"Doc," I say, "I think I'm sick,"
"Just give me something quick to fix."
He grins and says, "Oh, not so fast,
Your diagnosis? 'You're a blast!'"

With stethoscope and cheerful grin,
He checks my pulse, then starts to spin.
In laughter and in quirky cheer,
He heals with humor, far and near.

Our Guide Through Night

In a vial of hope, a miracle's grace,
Where science meets the heart's embrace,
With every dose, a chance to mend,
In healing hands, our lives transcend.

From whispered cure to steadfast will,
In every pill, a promise still,
A journey from the dark to light,
Medicine, our guide through night.

Acrostic Poem on Doctors

Dedicated to the healing art,
Opening hearts with a caring start.
Compassionate hands, skilled and wise,
Turning fear into hopeful skies.
Offered comfort through each test,
Resilient spirits, giving their best.
Saviors of health, with grace they mend,

Guiding us with care, as true friends.

Mending Together

In a quiet room where shadows play,
The doctor walks in, a light of day.
With gentle eyes and a calming tone,
They greet their patient, not alone.

“Hello there,” says the doctor with a smile,
“Let’s talk a bit; we’ve got a while.”
The patient’s face shows worry, fear,
But in this space, those doubts disappear.

“How have you been?” the doctor asks,
Listening closely, unmasking masks.
With each response, the doctor’s nod
Shows understanding, a healing nod.

The patient shares their aches and pains,
Through honest words, their hope remains.
The doctor’s hands, both firm and kind,
Examine, soothe, and ease the mind.

“A plan,” the doctor says with grace,
“To help you heal, to win this race.
We’ll find the path, together tread,
With care and trust, you’ll soon be led.”

In the quiet, healing space they find,

A bond of trust, hearts intertwined.
Through every word and every test,
They navigate with care, seeking what's best.

As the visit ends, the patient feels,
A lighter heart, as hope reveals.
With gratitude, they leave the room,
A bright future dispels the gloom.

In this shared moment, life's restored,
Through doctor's care and patient's trust,
In healing hands and hopeful words,
Together they mend, as dreams adjust.

Strength of Humanity

In the quiet dawn before the day,
Doctors rise and make their way.
While others sleep, they start their quest,
With sacrifice and endless test.

Their hours stretch beyond the norm,
In hospital halls, through every storm.
With weary eyes and hearts so true,
They mend the broken, see it through.

Family dinners missed, and nights alone,
In pursuit of care, their lives are shown.
They trade their comfort for others' need,
Planting hope with every deed.

Their days are long, their duties great,
In every trial, they navigate.
With every call and urgent plea,
They bear the weight so selflessly.

Yet, in their hearts, a spark remains,
A drive to heal, to ease the pains.
Through sacrifice, they build a bridge,
From suffering to hope's bright ridge.

Their gifts are wrapped in endless care,

A testament to love they bear.
For in their sacrifice, we see
The strength of their humanity.

The Search

In search of healing, we embark on quests,
Where hope and worry intertwine and blend.
The path to finding care that truly rests
On skill and warmth is often hard to mend.

We seek a doctor's hand both kind and wise,
Whose knowledge shines amidst the crowded field.
Yet finding such a guide can test our ties,
For many promises may go unsealed.

The trials of trust, the endless waiting lines,
The mismatched hearts that fail to understand,
Through shifting sands, we hope the light aligns,
And find a healer with a gentle hand.

For in the search, our journey takes its toll,
Yet finding the right care can heal the soul.

Communication

In every word and every glance,
A doctor's care gives hearts a chance.
With listening ears and gentle tone,
They make the patient's fears unknown.

Through clear and kind communication's art,
They bridge the gap, they heal the heart.
In every sentence, trust is sown,
A bond of care in each word shown.

Vast Knowledge

With charts and knowledge vast and deep,
A doctor's science makes us leap.
In every test and measured fact,
Their expertise ensures we're back.

Through theories, laws, and data's grace,
They map the path, they find our place.
In every cure and insight clear,
Their science lights the way from fear.

Thank You, Doctors

For every hour, for every care,
For tending wounds and calming fear,
We thank you for the healing touch,
For giving hope, and caring much.

In every word and thoughtful deed,
You've planted comfort, met our need.
With grateful hearts, we say to you,
Thank you, doctors, for all you do.

A Day in the Life

In the early hush of morning's grace,
The doctor stirs, a steady pace.
With stethoscope and chart in hand,
They greet the day, a healing stand.

The clinic hums, the waiting room,
A quiet sea where worries loom.
Each patient's face tells its own tale,
Of hope and health, where hearts prevail.

With measured steps and practiced eyes,
They navigate through symptoms, wise.
A gentle touch, a caring ear,
To ease the pain, dispel the fear.

Through rounds of care and shifting light,
They guide the way, from dark to bright.
In every lab and ward they tread,
They mend the body, soothe the head.

From urgent calls to planned review,
They balance time with what they do.
The day unfolds, a mission clear,
To bring some calm, to bring some cheer.

As twilight falls, the stethoscope rests,

The doctor's mind reflects on quests.
With every life touched, each heart they heal,
Their purpose is profoundly real.

In dreams, they see the healing art,
A day well spent, a grateful heart.
For in the quiet, they can find
The legacy they leave behind.

The Shortage of Doctors

In corridors of weary light,
A shortage casts its shadowed blight.
Where healing hands are sorely missed,
And cries for care persist, persist.

The rooms are full, the chairs are bare,
A silent plea fills the air.
In every empty space and sigh,
A hope for more to soon reply.

For in the gap where doctors stray,
The need for care grows day by day.
May voices rise and hearts unite,
To mend this gap and bring the light.

Character

In every glance, a gentle grace,
In every touch, a warm embrace.
With wisdom deep and spirit bright,
Doctors walk the path of light.

Their hearts are vast, their hands are kind,
With steadfast care, they ease the mind.
In trials faced and fears dispelled,
Their noble hearts are truly held.

In every moment, they restore,
A faith in life, and so much more.
The essence of their care defined,
By empathy and strength combined.

Making a Diagnosis

In shadows deep and whispers faint,
A puzzle waits, elusive, quaint.
Through signs and clues, the truth must show,
Yet often hides where few might know.

With charts and tests, the mind will sift,
Through layers thin and veils adrift.
The path to truth is seldom clear,
Yet hope and skill will persevere.

In every doubt and fleeting hint,
The search for answers does not stint.
For in the quest to find the cause,
The heart of care renews its laws.

Public Health

In every corner, wide and near,
Public health, a voice sincere.
To guide the way and keep us strong,
In unity, where we belong.

With vigilance and wisdom clear,
It shields us from what we should fear.
From clean, fresh air to water pure,
It strives for health, to ensure.

In every step and every plan,
It lifts the life of every man.
For in its care, we find our grace,
A shared endeavor, a better place.

Balance

Behind the white and steady care,
A doctor's life is woven there.
In quiet moments, dreams take flight,
Yet shadows fall in the deep of night.

They balance love with duty's call,
In tender hours, they give their all.
With family's smile and home's embrace,
They find their peace in the healing space.

Though often worn and tired, true,
Their hearts beat strong, their spirits renew.
In every day's end, they rest and find,
The personal threads that soothe their mind.

To Those Who Heal and Mend

In a town where shadows cast their gloom,
There shone a light in every room.
A beacon bright, through trials and strife,
Good doctors lived their healing life.

With steady hands and hearts so true,
They mended pain, and hope they grew.
Through sleepless nights and urgent calls,
Their care embraced the weary walls.

In halls where echoes softly tread,
They listened close to what was said.
With wisdom gained and skill refined,
They healed the body, soothed the mind.

From broken bones to fevers high,
They battled fears with an earnest sigh.
Their every gesture, calm and kind,
A testament to the heart and mind.

And when the dawn began to break,
Their solace held the world awake.
For in each life they touched anew,
A legacy of care they drew.

In stories told by those they saved,

Their names are sung, their virtues praised.
For good doctors, through dark and light,
Are heroes born from endless fight.

So here's to those who heal and mend,
With hearts that stretch, with hands that tend.
In every life they gently change,
Their acts of love, forever range.

Why?

To heal the hurt and ease the pain,
To bring the sun through clouds of rain,
To mend the broken, calm the fray,
To light the path, to guide the way.

In every life that's touched anew,
A purpose found, a dream comes true.
For in the care that's freely given,
We touch the soul, and hearts are driven.

The Calling

In dreams I see a path so clear,
To heal, to help, to hold things dear.
A calling calls with gentle plea,
To shape a future, set hearts free.

With every life I hope to mend,
To be a guide, a faithful friend.
In patient smiles and words of cheer,
To find my purpose year by year.

Through trials faced and lessons learned,
In every challenge, passion burned.
For in this path, my heart's design,
I find my place, my soul aligned.

A World Without Doctors

In a world where doctors are not found,
The echoes of despair resound.
No gentle hands to heal the ills,
No soothing words, no skilled refills.

The streets would whisper silent cries,
Beneath the pale and empty skies.
The wounds of life would go unbound,
In sorrow's grip, the world is drowned.

No light to pierce the shadowed pain,
No hope to rise through endless rain.
In such a realm, the heart would yearn,
For care's embrace, for healing's turn.

Yet in the absence, we would see,
The depth of what these lives could be.
A call to cherish every hand,
To honor those who heal the land.

Empowering Others

In knowledge shared, a spark ignites,
Through patient talks and guiding lights.
To teach, to guide, to help them see,
The path to health, the key to be.

With every word, a truth is shown,
Empowerment in seeds is sown.
For in their hands, the power grows,
To heal, to change, to conquer woes.

A Doc Feeling Stressed

There once was a doc feeling stressed,
With patients and charts never less.
They'd juggle and race,
With a smile on their face,
And hope for a calm day to rest.

Cure With a Laugh

There once was a doc with a grin,
Whose jokes made the patients chagrin.
“Don’t worry,” they’d say,
“Your pain’s just a delay—
You’ll be fine, just as soon as we spin!”

They’d laugh through the coughs and the sneezes,
And soothe with their playful teases.
From “You’ll need more than a band,”
To “Here’s a lollipop hand,”
They turned woes into chuckles and breezes.

In scrubs and a stethoscope’s shine,
They’d mix humor with medicine fine.
With puns and quick wit,
They’d lighten the bit,
And cure with a laugh, quite divine!

A Medical Student

In med school halls where stress does creep,
We dream of sleep, but can't quite leap.
With textbooks high and coffee strong,
We wonder if we'll still belong.

Our brains are full of Latin terms,
From every quiz, a new concern.
With anatomy in every class,
We wish for less of the "mass" and "gas."

"Another test?" we groan and sigh,
As caffeine clouds our weary eyes.
Yet through the stress and endless grind,
We find our humor's not left behind.

For in each joke and sleepless night,
We cling to hope and future bright.
And when we finally wear that white,
We'll laugh at this mad, crazy plight.

Redefining Healing

In every challenge, sparks ignite,
A doctor's mind, both sharp and bright.
With novel ideas, they pave the way,
In healing arts, they boldly sway.

They craft new paths, and boldly explore,
With innovation at their core.
For in each thought and fresh design,
They redefine the healing line.

Belief in Grace

In corridors where shadows play,
A doctor walks with faith each day.
In healing hands and caring gaze,
A touch of the divine displays.

Through trials deep and nights of doubt,
They seek a light, a guiding shout.
In every life they mend and save,
They feel a force beyond the grave.

In whispered prayers and hopeful sighs,
A belief in grace beneath the skies.
For in each life they strive to heal,
A higher truth they touch and feel.

Doctor and Divine

In sacred halls where whispers blend,
We seek both doctor and divine friend.
With stethoscope and prayerful plea,
They heal and guide, though differently.

The doctor's hands mend flesh and bone,
With skill and care, their work is shown.
They chase the pain with science clear,
A touch of hope, a soothing near.

The divine, unseen, yet always near,
Offers solace, calm, and cheer.
In faith and grace, a gentle sway,
A guiding light through night and day.

Both seek to heal, to mend, to guide,
In different realms where truths reside.
The doctor's craft, the divine's embrace,
Both offer comfort, hope, and grace.

A Patient's Trust

In the quiet of the room, where shadows play,
A patient lies with fears too deep to say.
The doctor's words, though gentle, seem so frail,
Yet trust is where the healing starts to sail.

With every touch, a promise softly made,
A bond is forged where doubts and worries fade.
The patient's heart, a fragile, silent plea,
Holds faith in hands that strive to set it free.

In trust, the patient finds a light so clear,
A beacon through the pain, the hope, the fear.
For though the road ahead may twist and wind,
In trust, the courage to continue's mined.

So let the healing hands and kindest eyes,
Build bridges from the tears to brighter skies.
For in that sacred trust, both strong and kind,
The patient's hope and health are intertwined.

Echoes of Empathy

In hearts where empathy begins to grow,
We find the warmth that helps us heal and know.
A gentle touch, a listening ear,
Transforms our pain, our doubt, our fear.

For in each act of understanding's grace,
We share the human struggle we embrace.
And through this bond, so pure and true,
We mend the world with what we feel and do.

Couplet on Healthcare

In corridors of care where shadows loom,
The system strains, though healing's in full bloom.

Bureaucratic chains and pressures blend,
Yet hope persists where compassion can mend.

The System

In halls where echoes of despair resound,
The healthcare system struggles, weary, bound.
In waiting rooms where time seems to stand still,
The promise of swift care can oft be ill.

Through endless forms and endless lines we go,
Seeking solace in a system's ebb and flow.
Resources thin and voices rise in plea,
For care that's swift, and just, and always free.

The doctors toil with hands and hearts so worn,
Yet find themselves in bureaucratic scorn.
The system's cracks reveal the strain it bears,
Where compassion fights through tangled red tape snares.

Yet still within this struggle lies a spark,
Of hope that lights the way through shadows dark.
For in each challenge met with tender grace,
The human touch restores the healing pace.

Mutual Healing

Patient's gaze so still,
Doctor's hands learn to mend hearts—
Healing's mutual.

A Dentist's Care

In the quiet hum of morning light,
The dentist wakes, prepares for flight.
With polished tools and steady hand,
They meet the day, a dental stand.

The office buzzes, patients flow,
A parade of smiles, both high and low.
The chair reclines, the light shines bright,
A gentle voice calms nerves to right.

A probing glance, a careful scan,
The art of care, the skillful plan.
With every drill, a tune so fine,
They chase the pain from each design.

Through x-rays' glow and soft decay,
They mend, they guide, they clear the way.
A dance of healing, day to night,
In search of comfort, they ignite.

And as the sun dips low and fades,
The dentist rests from daily trades.
With dreams of smiles, both wide and true,
They cherish the day's healing hue.

For in each tooth, a tale resides,

Of patience, skill, and care that guides.
And in the heart of each new dawn,
The dentist's care goes on and on.

Ode To Doctors

In halls where whispers blend with hope,
You walk the line where courage copes.
With every glance and practiced hand,
You heal the heart, you make a stand.

In white coats draped with wisdom's grace,
You meet each challenge, face to face.
With knowledge deep as ocean's floor,
You seek the truth and offer more.

Through sleepless nights and endless days,
You navigate the healing ways.
In every smile, in every touch,
You lift the spirits, heal so much.

With steady voice and calming art,
You mend both body and the heart.
In every life you change and mend,
You are the healer and the friend.

So here's to you, in your grand quest,
The ones who strive to do their best.
Ode to the doctors, bold and true,
The world is brighter thanks to you.

ECHOES OF EMPATHY

**In hearts where empathy begins to
grow,
We find the warmth that helps us heal
and know.**

**A gentle touch, a listening ear,
Transforms our pain, our doubt, our
fear.**

**For in each act of understanding's
grace,**

**We share the human struggle we
embrace.**

**And through this bond, so pure and
true,**

**We mend the world with what we feel
and do.**

